Fox Hunt (continued)

The death blow is dealt by 12-year-old John McGir who has been pushed into the ring by the eager sheriff. Way by this time he is so exhausted and bewildered that he is not able to do much more than dink usually away from the youngster's blows.

A 9-year-old gazes victoriously over the dead fox, which he was allowed to hit with his club in at by-trying. In the start of the hunt, the foxes are stirred out about 150 yards apart. But the foxes, not so wily as they are supposed to be, have not survived.